

sentenced for making a disturbance in the workhouse when she heard the master beating her child. I wondered much at a noble and high-minded Irish gentleman who feels strong sympathy with the Oka Indians, who, in speaking to me of a man caught in company with another fishing by night, thereby transgressing the law, and was deliberately shot down by the agent of the property, expressed his regret that the other had not been also shot. Hardening the heart I hold to be one of the very apparent effects of the land system.

Another evil is the encouragement of unutterable meanness; a meanness that allows rich men to manage to extract under pressure gratuitous work out of these poor people. No one needs to be told that the Irish peasant is worse fed, worse clothed, worse housed than any peasant in Europe, yet gentlemen will take from these gratuitous work, and see so little to be ashamed of their own signature, as Ernest O'Connell did in the columns of the *Witness*. I have heard of miles of separating fence being made in this way, of walls being built and even of monuments being erected in memory of a noble lord having brought a gentle pressure to bear on Irish tenants to cause them to subscribe over and above their rents for the benefit of those who were suffering from an accident in his English collieries. I have wondered to hear gentlemen, and even clergymen, in Ireland wishing that the people would rise in rebellion so that there might be an opportunity of laying the cold steel to them and putting them down effectually. I have also wondered at the refusal of the authorities to have the riots in Limerick investigated; surely that does not look like impartial justice. I have wondered again over the openly avowed purpose of rooting the people out of the country. I have looked with great concern and astonishment at the lands already wasted and almost without inhabitants. I have read with great pain the Lord Lieutenant's speech at Belfast, aspersing the country as disloyal and threatening them with greater severity. The people are disloyal to a system of oppression and absolutism which neither they nor their fathers were able to bear; but I believe from my heart that they are more loyal to Her Majesty than their oppressors are, for the system has made them oppressors. Only notice was made of Mr. Smith's evidence at the Land Court recently, concerning the Enniskillen estate, for which he is agent, it is proven that even in Protestant Ulster a landlord can abolish the Ulster custom—the root of Ulster's exceptional prosperity—at the motion of his own will. In the trials for turbary in the Killybegs a rule made by the landlord in his office overrides even a lease, and is accepted as *de facto* law in the court.

These things have convinced me that the exterminating landlords are the parties who are guilty of high treason against the commonwealth of England. The loyalty of Irish Catholics to a country that had scant justice to give them has been proven on every battle field from far India to the Crimea. No history of England's wars in these latter times can be written truly without acknowledging the Irish blood given like water for England's honor.

Scotland has been more favored of late years, although the time is not so far distant when her language, her dress and ancient customs were also proscribed. Watching this, I have found myself wishing that some Irish Walter Scott would arise whose pen would make Ireland's lakes and glens, mountain passes and battlemented towers, ruined castles and mouldering abbeys, famous and fashionable as Scotland's brown heath and shaggy wood, all the Queen would love to have a home there, and the nobles of the land would follow in her shadow. The nobles come to covet the homes of the people. The Highlands of Scotland seem destined to become a hunting ground. The hardy mountaineers, guilty of no crime, must give up their hamlets and shielings, the inheritance of their fathers, at the order of any trader who has coined the sweat of his fellow-men successfully into guineas, or any idle lord who has money. If "a death grapple of the nation" should ever come to England will she miss the Connaught Rangers, the glorious 88th who won from stern Picton the cheer, "Well done 88th," or the Enniskillen dragoons so famed in song and story, or the North Cork that moved to battle as to a festival? Will she miss "the torrent of tartan and steel" that charged at the Alma, or the cry that "the hills of gray Caledon know the about of McDonald, McLean and McKay, when they dash at the breast of the foe?" Will she miss the clansmen of Athol, Breadalbane and Mar? Will exterminating lords who must have hunting grounds at all hazards come to the front with squadrons of deer or battalions of rabbits? Surely it is an awful thing to sweep the inhabitants of a country for gain. If Britain ever has to call on these Varanese for her legions, or to repeat George II.'s cry at Fontenoy, will the enemy be able to countervail the Queen's damage. I would earnestly plead with the authorities, even yet, to try a little conciliation instead of such strong doses of coercion. History tells how cheaply the disturbed highlands were pacified compared with the expense of coercing them, which was a failure. The title of the expense for bayonets would, I am convinced, make the West of Ireland contented and make future prosperity possible.

Oscoda, Mich., U. S. Dec. 18th, 1881.

BREVITIES.

A woollen factory is to be established at Hogg's Back, near Ottawa.

Hatfield Brothers, of London, G. B., have failed. Liabilities £285,000.

The N. W., Mounted Police force is to be increased from 300 to 600 men.

The receipts at the Halifax Custom House during December amounted to \$82,540.

The Quebec Opposition will hold a caucus meeting next Saturday in a two-horse cab.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* and *St. James Gazette* appeared yesterday as penny papers.

The C. P. R. Syndicate has taken possession of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway.

It is stated that the Jacques Cartier Bank propose opening a branch of that institution in Quebec.

The contractors for the Montreal Harbour improvements are building a new screw tug steamer at Quebec.

Dun, Wiman & Co. report 5,582 failures last year throughout the United States; liabilities over \$80,000,000.

The French newspapers are warmly discussing the proposal which has been urged on the Government to increase the pay of members of the Chamber of Deputies 3,000 francs per annum.

The Emperor Francis Joseph has resolved to erect, at his own cost, a memorial chapel on the site of the Ring Theatre, Vienna, in which requiem mass will be celebrated yearly for the fire's victims.

CITY AND SUBURBAN NEWS.

The monthly reception of Bishop Fabre was held last evening at eight o'clock at his Palace.

The steamer "Longueuil," of the Longueuil Ferry Company, conveyed a number of passengers on a pleasure trip down the river on New Year's Day.

The Sisters and young ladies of St. Patrick's School, Alexander street, have presented Bro. Arnold with a magnificent cross for the benefit of his bazaar, which will no doubt prove to be one of the most attractive objects.

The St. Jules mystery is to be the subject of an investigation. Certain facts relative to the disappearance of the young lady have been brought to light, which places the conduct of one of her discarded lovers in a very peculiar position.

The Municipality of Hochelaga paid in its amount of water rates into the city treasury. The bill was \$7,500, being an unusually heavy one. Hochelaga is at present considering a proposition made by Mr. J. A. Beaudry to supply it with water at a much cheaper rate.

Saturday's *Witness* says, under the head of "Starting Nationalism,"—"For some time past a committee appears to have been secretly working up the French-speaking voters of the Centre Division to obtain all the names they can upon the list of municipal voters. The Committee having the matter in hand has published a circular card, calling upon all French-Canadians to pay their taxes and secure their vote. The object is to elect for the Centre Division a French-speaking gentleman, and thus obtain for the particular clique that is running the machine all the patronage that can be had. It is also said that all measures possible have been taken to place these names upon the list. As this is the last day of grace to enable the English-speaking electors to take the precaution of securing their votes the secret of the movement must have been well kept." Where the sectionalism comes in is not strikingly apparent in the above local item.

THE TELEGRAPH JUDGMENT.

His Honor Judge Rainville has delivered judgment on the action taken to annul the agreement entered into between the Montreal Telegraph and Great Northwestern Telegraph Companies, for a lease of the former to the latter. By the judgment of the Court, the agreement is declared *ultra vires* and is set aside; the Montreal Telegraph Company is ordered to resume possession of its lines and of all the property transferred to the other defendant, and the Great Northwestern Company is enjoined from any longer using the lines or property illegally transferred to it, and is ordered to re-convey the same to the Montreal Telegraph Company, and also to account for all monies which it may have received for telegraph messages or otherwise under the agreement in question, and the intervention is dismissed with costs. An appeal has been taken against the judgment.

A RARE RELIC OF PATRIOTISM.

Amongst the many objects of interest at the Bazaar of St. Ann's School is one that will be coveted by hundreds and highly prized by the fortunate winner. We refer to an ancient Irish pike that has seen service in the gallant but unfortunate struggle for Irish independence in 1798. The weapon is one of no ordinary finish; it is made of polished steel; has the regulation hook and side cut; and is really, and historically, of considerable value. The owner obtained it from his grandfather, who fought in Ireland's glorious but unhappy cause in the dark days of the rebellion. It was brought to this country by the family, and kept as a sacred relic ever since. Brother Arnold is about the only man who could have secured it from its possessor, and no worthy object could be found to apply its proceeds to than the St. Ann's School. No doubt the competition for the old Irish pike will be very keen.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE—\$10,000 DAMAGES.

THE OLD DOMINION THEATRE BURNED.

On Monday evening about six o'clock a fire was discovered to be raging in Messrs. LeFebvre & Co.'s vinegar factory (the old Dominion Theatre), on Gosford street. The fire brigade was quickly on the spot, but even in the short space of time which elapsed between the alarm and its arrival, the flames had found their way to the upper stories, where they fastened on the rafters and licked their way along the eaves, burning everything they touched with their fiery tongues. The elevator ways helped the conflagration to no small extent, giving it easy access to the upper story. After two hours' fierce battling with the fire the firemen at length subdued it, not, however, before some ten thousand dollars worth of damage had been done. The firemen state that the hoists in buildings are one of the principal means of the fire spreading so quickly to the roof, and they recommend that precautions should be taken to have the hoists provided with fireproof trapdoors, so that a fire starting in the cellar part of the building cannot spread to the roof so quickly.

SAD AND SUDDEN DEATH OF ANNIE OSBORNE DAVIS.

Annie Osborne Davis, wife of Mr. C. E. A. Patterson of this city, breathed her last on New Year's Day after a very brief but fatal illness. The news of her death will be learned with painful surprise and deep feelings of regret. The deceased was a niece of the great patriotic poet of Ireland, Thomas Davis. Her father, a brother of the poet, came to Canada some fifty years ago and settled in the village of Lacolle, where he delivered himself up to pastoral pursuits. Of the family of six children which sprang up around him Annie was the third. She was born in the year 1843, and was, consequently at the hour of her departure from this world in the prime of life, being scarcely 40 years of age. The nature of the child was sympathetic, and her dispositions were of the most charitable turn. She grew up in the admiration of her noble and talented uncle. She admired his patriotism and it was no difficult effort for her to become animated by the same sentiments. Whenever her services were required for the attainment of any charitable object or purpose, whether public or private, they were never refused, but always given with a will and a heart. In the latter years of her life, the one great effort which seemed to monopolize her attention, zeal and energy was the amelioration of the condition of the Irish race. In this noble work she gave ample proof of her patriotism and the love she bore the children of the land of her ancestors. When the cause of Ireland needed the assistance of her daughters, and it became opportune and necessary to establish Ladies' branches of the Land League, Annie Osborne Davis was the

first in Canada to step forward in answer to a distressed people's call and endeavor to accomplish the work allotted to their sphere. And she had the honor of becoming the first President of the Montreal Branch of the Ladies Land League. It was under her regime that the sister of the Irish leader, Miss Fanny Parnell, visited Montreal. Miss Annie Osborne Davis, besides her unmeasured power for active work, was also gifted with considerable poetic talent. She has written several poems which have called for several criticisms and which are characteristic of the woman. The same zeal and fire which filled the immortal lives of her distinguished uncle, ran through her poetical effusions. There are many who can testify to her many sacrifices she has made in her efforts to assist a people whose condition appealed to her sympathetic and patriotic nature. Within a few days of her death she had been making arrangements to pay a visit to several cities up West and in the neighboring Republic to attend meetings on behalf of the Irish cause. She leaves a sorrowing husband and a family of five small children to mourn her loss. They will undoubtedly have the heartfelt sympathy of all in their sad and terrible affliction and bereavement.

AN IMPORTANT CASE.

HAVE AMERICAN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES GIVEN THEIR CANADIAN POLICY-HOLDERS ANY SECURITY BY THEIR DEPOSIT AT OTTAWA?—THE GLOBE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. CASE.

Before Judge Mathieu in the Second Division of the Superior Court, on Saturday, the case of the Globe Mutual Life Insurance Company, Insolvents, and W. C. Wells, assignee, and J. D. Fish, contestant, was being heard. The case is a most important one, involving the question whether American Mutual Life Insurance Companies give their Canadian policy holders any security by their deposit at Ottawa. It appears that the Globe Mutual Life Insurance Company, Insolvents, was an American Association and transacted business in Canada, and had deposited \$100,000 at Ottawa. An assignee was appointed for Canada, and a dividend sheet was declared, allocating the policies for their full value. The American Receiver contested the payment of the money here, on the ground that the company was mutual and that as such all the policy holders should share alike. Now the whole point at issue is that if these American mutual insurance companies share their profits with their policy-holders on the mutual principle, of what avail or guarantee is their deposits at Ottawa to their Canadian policy holders?

This nice legal point has been in argument for the past two days, the evidence and documents under examination being extremely lengthy. The case will, in all probability, be taken *in deliberata* this afternoon. Mr. J. N. Greenhalgh appears for the contestant, and Mr. C. P. Davidson for the opposite parties.

THE SACRILEGIOUS BURGLARS.

A PAINFUL HISTORY.

It will be remembered by the readers of this paper that a week ago last Sunday Detective Arcand took a trip to Quebec to take a look at three men who had been arrested by the authorities of that city for breaking into several churches and priests' residences in the suburbs and at Batiscan. Arcand recognized two of them, but the third, a fine looking young fellow, was a stranger to him. From words he let drop it was thought he belonged to Montreal, so the detective determined to leave no stone unturned to ferret him out for future use if necessary. On his return, and after considerable search and trouble he discovered the room where Napoleon Dubreuil, one of the Quebec prisoners, lived while he was in the city. In it he found a suit of tweed clothing the exact fit of the unknown man who had given him the name as Edward Marge. It was the same kind as the prison authorities of Kingston and St. Vincent de Paul generally give convicts on their release from jail. In the pockets of the pants, Mr. Arcand found two photos, one that of a fine looking old lady and the other of a young man. Further investigation enabled him to find out the originals, who proved to be the mother and brother of Marge. He had given a false name when arrested in Quebec. His history is very surprising. Four years ago he left Montreal for Texas, having just graduated from one of the French colleges here with honors. Since that time his friends have heard nothing of him. It appears he went to Ontario and fell into bad company, being arrested and convicted of burglary and sent for a term to Kingston Penitentiary. On his release he continued in his evil courses. After the three have their trial in Quebec they will be brought to Montreal to answer to the L'Original affair and other crimes of a like nature. Edward Marge's real name is suppressed by the officials on account of the high position held by his family in Montreal.

A HUNTING PARTY.

HOW TO KEEP WARM—A SPLENDID FISHING GROUND.

A party of French gentlemen in Montreal are now organizing a hunting expedition to leave the city about the twentieth of January. They intend to camp out for a week at Lake Maskinonge, then they will push on to Lake Nominonge, in the county of Ottawa. From thence they will pass through the counties of Montcalm, Joliette and Berthier to the head waters of the Rouge River, where they will find themselves in a country wonderfully interspersed with innumerable mountains and lakes as the Rouge River finds its source in a part of the country which is a network of small streams and lakelets. There the party will have magnificent sport in fishing and hunting. Trout of every kind are almost as numerous in these lakes as the grains of sand which lie upon their banks. A curious circumstance is that in some of these lakes only one species of fish will be found, while in some other lake connected with the former by a river, every different species of fish; there seems to be a kind of antagonism between them so strong that they will not live in the same waters. It may be imagined that the gentlemen composing the party are exposing themselves to great hardship from cold and storms; this is an error, as, in the first place, the mountains covering hill and plain protect the traveller from the piercing winds, which in a more level country carry off the heat from his person, despite the thickest wrappings; and in the second place, the gentlemen will be supplied with blankets and buffalo robes for the night time, whilst during the day exercise will keep them warm and comfortable. Their tents will be ordinary canvas ones, but they will have in addition a large sheet or sail, which will be thrown over their tent and the ends carefully banked with snow. A small store of sheet iron will also form part of their chattels.

ST. GABRIEL'S Y. I. L. & B. ASSOCIATION.

A reception was tendered the Rev. J. J. Salmon on Wednesday evening last at St. Gabriel's Academy Hall by the members of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benevolent Association of St. Gabriel. By previous invitation a large and respectable audience honored the occasion with their presence, and shortly after the arrival of the Rev. gentleman, accompanied by Rev. Father Ducharme, Dr. Gaberly, the President and officers of the Association, the rendition of a choice musical programme, under the direction of Madame Mooney, assisted by Miss Mary O'Driscoll, commenced. The principal feature of the event was the presentation of a purse, accompanied by an address, which was read by Mr. Joseph Lennon, and of which we subjoin a copy:—

To Rev. J. J. SALMON, Pastor of St. Gabriel's Parish, Montreal, P. Q.

Rev. and Dear Father,—At this season of Christian solemnity which commemorates the glorious events of that happy morn whereon the Infant Saviour of mankind proclaimed by his angelic messengers "Glory to God on the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will," we experience great pleasure in meeting our friends, and in accosting them with kindly greetings.

As members of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benevolent Association of St. Gabriel, we join in the universal jubilee of praise and thanksgiving which ascends to the Throne of Grace from every Christian household for the benefits conferred on humanity by the great work of redemption; and whilst our souls are filled with the religious spirit which the occasion inspires, and we offer our meed of praise to the Dispenser of all good, we deem it an agreeable duty to remember our benefactors and friends.

In glancing over the history of our Association, we view with feelings of great satisfaction the success which has attended our efforts in the attainment of its objects. In tracing this success to its origin and in examining the different circumstances which have combined to produce it, we are proud, Rev. Father, to testify that it is entirely due to the encouragement you have given us, and the interest you have manifested in our welfare, as our patron and spiritual director.

In assisting and directing us in the promotion of the objects of our society, you have enabled it to attain the ends for which it was organized. By your friendly counsel you have directed our thoughts to noble aims, and have daily increased our attachment to our Holy Church and its institutions. The many distinguished clergymen and other professional gentlemen, who, at your invitation, have lectured under our auspices, and the frequent opportunities afforded us of listening to the celebrated artists in music and song, whose brilliant efforts it was our privilege to witness under your patronage, have served to develop in us a taste for musical and literary culture. And thus has a religious and social spirit been cultivated amongst our members, and knowledge diffused, objects which two of the leading articles in our constitution inculcate.

As pastor of St. Gabriel's parish, your zeal in the work of your sacred calling, your eloquence in expounding the Divine truths of religion, your founding of sodalities and societies for the male and female portions of your flock, the great exertions you have made in the cause of education, which have resulted in affording to the youth of our community unrivalled facilities for moral and intellectual improvement, distinguish you as a devoted priest, willing to make any sacrifice for the spiritual and temporal interests of your people.

Any efforts on our part, therefore, Rev. Father, are unnecessary to show the esteem in which you are held by your parishioners, and in approaching you this day, we do so with sentiments of gratitude and respect, which we are endeavoring to express in the words of this address but which, we can assure you, are totally inadequate to do so. We ask your acceptance of the accompanying purse, and beg to tell you that the sum it contains is in no way commensurate with the ardent desires we have of expressing our good will.

In conclusion, Rev. Father, we wish you a Happy New Year. We hope to have the honor of your encouragement in the future as in the past, and that under your patronage our society will long continue to flourish.

Signed on behalf of the society by

JOSEPH LENNON, President.
T. WALL,
JOHN EAGAN,
JEREMIAH SERRA,
JOHN FURLONG,
D. J. CHOKER,
JOHN MURPHY.

St. Gabriel, Montreal, Christmas, 1881.

Father Salmon replied very eloquently and at great length. He spoke in high terms of the Y. I. L. & B. Association, and eulogized the President and other officers, most of whom had been connected with the Society since its organization. He had endeavored to assist the members in the realization of their objects, as far as his other onerous duties would permit him, and he felt proud in stating that he always found them ready to act in unison when called upon to do so by him, or when the Association would be benefited thereby. He advised them in all their acts to be influenced by pure and worthy motives, and never to forget that all their actions should be directed *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*, and that their constant aspirations should be *Excelsior*. The Rev. gentleman spoke for nearly an hour, dwelling very happily on the principal points of the address.

The several instrumental and vocal pieces on the programme were rendered with fine effect by Mdme. Mooney, Messrs. O'Byrne, Herbert, Bourque, Perkins and Mr. John Shea. A recitation "The Pillar Towers of Ireland," by Master George Myles, and the boys' chorus, "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," solos by Masters E. Fanning and Wm. Carmy, were well received.

At the close Mr. J. Lennon made a few remarks in his usual happy manner, thanking the audience for their presence, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather.

THE CZAR AT HOME.

DAILY ROUTINE OF THE RUSSIAN AUTOGRAPH'S LIFE—A SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD—FEARS OF A SUDDEN TERMINATION OF ALEXANDER'S CAREER—PRECAUTIONS TO ENSURE HIS SAFETY.

BERLIN, Nov. 23.—Notwithstanding the commencement of the winter season, and the re-assembly of the nobility in St. Petersburg, the Czar remains concealed in the seclusion of Gatchina. This place is about forty miles from St. Petersburg, with which it is more or less directly connected by three railways. It is thus quite a strategic position, and possibly this circumstance has influenced its selection as an Imperial retreat. The residence is surrounded by a beautiful park, with picturesquely undulating grounds, the graceful slopes being adorned with fine old timber. The palace itself is an enormous block of buildings. Visitors arriving are

conducted to the central entrance, and except under the most safe conduct, and after searching examination, no one is allowed to approach that portion of the palace inhabited by the Czar. Thus the general arrangement of the buildings, besides offering the advantages of accommodation to be found in a large mansion, affords special security for the personal safety of the Emperor, whose apartments are completely isolated and unapproachable except by narrow passages that are

STRICTLY GUARDED.

The ordinary sitting room of the Czar in which he transacts business is situated on the first floor of the block inhabited by the Imperial family. It is a comfortably, but simply furnished apartment. The style somewhat betokens the character of its occupant. The Czar is an early riser, and the labours of his day commence at nine in the morning. Till one o'clock he is occupied in his study receiving the Ministers, who present their weekly or daily reports, and consulting with them over affairs of State. At one o'clock daily he lunches with his wife and children, and to this meal none but the closest intimates of his family are ever admitted. After luncheon, if there are no further deputations to receive, or important business to attend to, the Czar goes out walking or driving, in company with the Empress or his sons. At half-past seven, which in Russia is considered a late hour, the Emperor and Empress dine, but at this meal the children, who have been already consigned for the night to the care of their superintendents, do not appear. In the evening there is often a little music, of which the Empress is as fond as the Emperor, and her majesty is a good pianist. The Czar is

DEVOTED TO MUSIC.

and when a boy it was suggested that he might derive pleasure from taking a part in musical performances of the palace orchestra. The then heir apparent was delighted at the idea, and it remained to be settled on what instrument he should learn to perform. Characteristically, this imperious prince selected the trombone as being the instrument with which he could produce the greatest effect, and, lover of music though he was, his performance appeared chiefly to consist in a well-sustained and fairly successful effort to drown the remainder of the orchestra. The Czar retired to bed early, and by eleven o'clock all is silent in the Imperial apartments. During the daytime the Empress occupies a room on the ground floor exactly below the Czar's study, with which it communicates directly by a small private staircase. The Czarina's boudoir is elegantly furnished, but in a simple style, and with no appearance of luxury except such as is given by the presence of certain handsome pieces of furniture and objects d'art which remain to testify to the more extravagant tastes of former occupants. The look-out from the windows over the park is charmingly picturesque, but the attention is somewhat distracted from the beauties of scenery by the continual pacing immediately in front of the windows of the many sentries who closely surround the house. The Empress is an admirable manager both of her time and of everything that pertains to the household duties. Her great intelligence and sweetness of manner have given her an extraordinary influence over her husband and all other persons who are brought into contact with her. The Empress's solicitude for

THE SAFETY OF HER HUSBAND

is well known, and it has been observed that she is never at ease when he is called away from home. The education and care of her children also engross much of her thoughts. The eldest son, the Czaritch, is in his fourteenth year, and resembles his mother in features. He is of an active and lively disposition, and for his years, is far advanced in his studies. Russian is always the language employed by the Imperial family when they are together, but when the boys are with their teachers they speak French and English on alternate days. Six hours a day are devoted to study by the young princes, and their education is not limited to secular studies alone. They are also practised in riding and shooting, and the Czaritch is, it is said, already a good shot and rides well. The critical position of the country, and the personal danger of the Emperor, are the dread skeletons in the cupboard of this otherwise happy Imperial family.

OVER JOB'S NOB.

We were securely shut up in the back-woods—no roads—but few tracks—and any one wishing to re-enter the world without, had to wait for the business expeditions which went out at certain times in the year. The wool wagons had been all ready packed and waiting to start for two or three weeks, and as each appointed day came for leaving, were as often prevented by the continual arrival of moneyed men to buy land—of which the head of our establishment had a very large tract for sale—very valuable land too, full of coal, iron, lead, sulphur, and the cherry timber on it of equal value with the minerals within.

At last, after long waiting, we drove out on a very hot morning at the end of June. Preceding us by two hours, were the pioneers with their long axes to repair the log bridges crossing the track and making them secure for the miles of way on which the heavy cavalcade would have been in danger otherwise. Then we bid adieu to our pioneers—members of the household—as they came up with their shoudered axes to the young backwoodsman of five years old, who did his daily share of hard work—more than his city brother knows of at any age—who came so far to say adieu, and to whom was promised a first-class ticket to be bought in the nearest town and sent back by the returning wagons. There was regret at parting on both sides. Rough as the life is in the forest, and few as are the necessities, superfluities there are none—there is a certain charm in it, and then one learns on how little one can really live. "Man wants but little here below," says Pope, here it is realized. It was with an oppressive feeling of regret I passed through the glorious woods for the last time—the gigantic trees closing above us, completely shutting out the hot sun's rays and giving us a welcome shade. A hundred years ago those mighty mountains were covered with the wigwams of the Redskins—or rather the base of them, for the Indians did not "locate" higher than the Buffalo ranged. Well, the first instalment having taken their departure, we took on with the permanent driving party, the salting detachment, the bags of salt lying in the wagons, the salters walking. Then came the real tug of war, as we began our toilsome ascent up the almost perpendicular side of Job's Nob, between 3,000 and 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. The teams of horses, alternately coaxed and threatened, pulling painfully up—the timbers of the wagon straining like a boat in a storm, and giving the occupants reason to fear a sudden descent on *terra firma*—all got along about half way up, when the peculiar and musical call to the cattle rang out in the air, very pleasant to novices, and directly was

heard in the far distance, the various bells which, coming nearer and nearer, brought up the animals for the salt they are so fond of, the salt bags taken out and the salt laid down at short intervals. It was rather alarming to the outsider to see the salters completely enclosed by the fine cattle pouring in from all points, but they were used to the situation and had no fear. The two dogs also knew their business and did it well, hungrily almost. During the stoppages there was opportunity to note the beauty of the wild woods, and to see the tantalizing outbursts of ripe strawberries all around which proves that Job's patience could not have been put to a fair test, inasmuch as Holy Writ does not record—at least King James' edition—that the illustrious Patriarch, among his many trials, was ever subjected to the wear and tear of the nervous system produced by the sight of unlimited strawberries within reach on a broiling day, while seated in an instrument of torture in the form of a back-wood's wagon without springs—ingress or egress being a "work of labor and of skill," like Watts' "Bony Bee." On again until the top of the Nob was gained; then another salting as before, and what a glorious sight opened upon us—the grassy glades making one long for a picnic there, the surrounding rise of hills above hills, with that peculiar blue shade over all which marks the whole of the Blue Grass Region. There, too, was the log house, built by Mr. Gladdon, the owner of the land, for the convenience of the salters if they stayed up on the Nob all night, fitted with the necessary cooking and sleeping arrangements, and kindly left open for the use of any benighted hunter—we met one in the usual hunting paraphernalia on the very summit was a tall flagstaff, put into use on the 4th July every year, when the Stars and Stripes floated from it, as the gay party which the family of Mr. Gladdon always took up to the Nob, on the national holiday, banqueted and made merry to their hearts' content and the "Hunter's Repose" was temporarily scared out of its accustomed solitude. We were about to lose the last of our returning party, when in a moment came on a fearful storm of thunder, lightning, rain and hail and in five minutes we were thoroughly drenched, rather awful among the mountains. When we had recovered from our sudden attack we bade good-bye to Mr. Allan, a son of the lady of the house, and my staunch four-footed ally "Ted" the dog, and I saw them turn homeward with genuine sorrow. Now came the descent, the whole of which was singularly like an English Park, without a road, only beautiful grassy glades and clumps of trees with splendid wild flowers unknown to English eyes. Then we came upon a dead steer, a fine young animal, not dead many hours apparently, taken off by the epidemic called "black leg," Mr. Gladdon thought. It was necessary to get it hauled off out of sight of the horses, who would not pass it. So passing many picturesque residences—log, chiefly—only two being of stone and brick, we tired and jogged nearly out of all feeling, came to the end of our first stage and gladly rested for the night.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Tommy," said a mother to her seven-year-old boy, "you must not interrupt me when I am talking with ladies. You must wait till we stop, and then you can talk." "But you never stop," retorted the boy.

"This butter, Mr. Spicer," said the dealer, "carried off the prize at the farmer's fair," and Seth remarked, "Unless the prize was a ship's anchor and a chain cable, I should think the butter could have carried it off easily."

A schoolmistress asked one of her pupils, "What do you see above your head when you walk in the open air?" "The sky," answered the little girl. "But what do you see there in rainy weather?" "An umbrella," was the reply.

The dynamite torpedo was first suggested to the inventor when he stepped on a plug of laundry soap, about three steps from the head of the stairs, on his way down. He got down, and the idea of a new explosive occurred to him at every bump.

"Is there any opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of an editor. "Yes, my friend," replied the man of quills. "A considerable carpenter, foregoing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the knob to the right."

A kind physician, wishing to soothe the last hours of a poor woman he was attending, asked her if there was anything he could do for her before she died. The poor soul, looking up, replied, "Doctor, I have always thought I would like to have a glass butter-dish before I died."

As two ladies were walking along the street, one exclaimed at the sky suddenly darkened, "There's a thunder storm coming on. I'm so afraid of lightning!" To which the other replied: "Very well, my dear; then let us step into this car, which seems to have a good conductor."

The clerk of the parish whose business it is to read the first "lesson," came across the chapter in Daniel in which the names Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego occur thirteen times, and finding it extremely difficult to pronounce these names, he went through the chapter referring to them as the aforesaid gentlemen.

THE YEAR'S TRADE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, Jan. 1.—The *Times*, commenting on the general aspect of trade during the past year, notes a quiet steady improvement. Railway traffic returns show an increase from three to four per cent. in the latter half year. The enormous production of iron in 1880 has been exceeded in 1881. On the Clyde alone 100,000 more tons of shipping have been built than in the most active previous years. The probable output of ships this year has been 800,000 to 1,000,000 tons gross. The prosperity in the other trades is shown by the increase up to the end of November in the aggregate value of exports of British produce and manufactures of three to four per cent. Pauperism is again diminishing, revenue from deposits in Savings Banks is increasing and there are other distinct indications of general prosperity. But prosperous as the New Year promises to be, there is ample room for caution among the banking and mercantile community.

Rowell has made a match with Vint and Panchot for a six day's go-as-you-please, open to all, for \$1,000 entrance fee.

The Kamouraska election is to be contested, the necessary money deposit for that purpose having been made.

A Kansas man put on his hat when there was a centipede in it. He knows more of natural history than he did, but his eyesight is not so good as it was.